HARDING B.3(35)

The Dutiful Daughter of Halifax,

In FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

IN Halifax town there lived one,
Whose name I will not yet make known,
A great tallow-chandler by trade,
Besides a rich man, as 'tis said,
He had one child, a young daughter,
But she, poor child, had no mother,
Living, to take her part; and she,
Was hated by her father, he,
Who in short time marry'd again,
Another wife, who did disdain,
This young creature, as we hear,
And proved unto her severe,
At length seeing their cruelty,
The young creature she did cry,
Alas! my mother dear said she,
Is dead and gone, that loved me.
Was she but living now, I'm sure,
This sorrow I need not endure,
As I do now with bleeding heart;
I know that she'd have took my part.
Then hearing of the moan she made,
The cruel wretch her father, said,
Daughter you shall to London go,
Which will be for your good I know.
I have a friend that liveth there,
Who of you will take great care,
So both she and her father they,
Did towards London ride away.
But when they came to London, there,
This cruel wretch made it is care,
Which was as we do understand,
To send this child to Newfoundland.
And in short time her father he,
With a sea captain did agree,
For to take this child quite o'er,
The raging seas where billows roar.
Then homewards he return'd again,
Where we will leave him to remain,
Like a sad cruel wretch a while,
And shew what become of the child.

PART II.

AS this ship in the river lay,
Waiting when the wind would obey,
For time to sail it happen'd so,
The captain's wife on board did go,
And as they merry making were,
She saw this damsel standing there;
Who in her sight wept bitterly,
Bemoaning her sad destiny.
Alas! I am but twelve years old,
And my father hath me sold,
Altho' he hath no children but me,
Yet I am sold a slave to be.
Alas a mother I have none,
Who is a live to hear my moan,
Which now I make, alas! she cry'd,
Oh! that I with my mother dy'd.
Then hearing of the moan she made,
The captain's wife unto him said,
Husband, we have no child, said she,
Pray give this poor child unto me.
'Tis pity she should go a slave,
Nay, then, my love, you shall her have,
Then home she did this poor child take,
And of her there much she did make.
This sad voyage the captain he,
And all the crew sunk in the sea;
And in a matter of three years,
This captain's wife dy'd as we hear.
But just before her death, 'tis said,
As she lay dying on her bed,
Two hundred pounds she did he give,
To help her whilst that she did live.
And in a short time after that she,
Did go into the country;
And there she did to service go,
And living with a farmer who,
In short time fix'd his love on she,
And he at rest could never be;
But as she found it was for love,
His grief she then did soon remove.
And then to ease him of his care
She and her master marry'd were,
And he her person did adore,
For he was one that had wealth in store.
Now since Heaven did degree,
Such fortune for this creature she,
I'll leave her for a while, and shall,
Shew what her father did befal.

PART III.

ONE morning before it was day,
In a house were his tallow lay,
A dreadful fire happen'd there,
By which her father ruin'd were.
At last he sleeping on his bed,
The fire seiz'd on him 'tis said,
He lost the use of his right leg,
And at last was forc'd to beg.
Long time he begged at the door,
For succour thro' many a town;
And on a time it happen'd so,
He to his daughter's house did go.
And has he begged at the door,
Crying I pray relieve the poor,
And hearing of this man then she,
Went to the door immediately
Then he with hat in hand did crave,
Crying, I pray, madam, let me have,
A lodging in your barn this night,
I hope the lord will you requite.
Said she to him how came you lame?
From whence came you? also your name?
With that to her he did impart,
Those things at last that pierc'd her heart.
Said she I in that town did dwell,
And knew your daughter very well,
What is become of her, said she,
She has been dead some time, said he.
Tho' she is dead, yet for her sake
Into my house I will you take,
You in a bed shall lie, said she,
So in they went immediately.
Then down she sat him at the board,
And the best the house could afford,
Both drink and diet there was set,
Before him saying, pray now eat.
When having supp'd to bed he went,
But he this night was innocent.
How this woman that nourish'd he,
Had suffer'd by his cruelty.
But as she and her husband were,
In bed to him she did declare,
Who this man was. Why then, said he,
If so he shall remain with me.

PART IV.

SO next day in the morning grey,
This man arose to go his way,
Returning great thanks unto she,
For the great kindness shewn to be.
As he was going, with a smile,
She said, pray stay a little while,
I have something to let you know,
Before that you from hence do go.
Do not be troubled, she said,
You told me your daughter was dead,
But I who talk to you am she,
Your child you sold for slavery.
What? are you my daughter he said?
Yes I'm your child that you betray'd,
Nevertheless I'll you adore,
And you about shall beg no more.
Then with sad blushing cheeks he cry'd,
I am not able to abide,
Under the roof where such as thee,
My child do live that nourish me.
When I was almost starv'd to death,
And like a vagabond here on earth,
Who had not settled home, but I,
Was forc'd sometimes in barns to lie.
Seeing his tears she said, Don't grieve,
I'll succour thee whilst I do live,
I hope god will it me restore,
To help my father who is poor.
Altho' thy cruel stony heart,
Has caused mine to bleed and smart,
Yet I do freely you forgive,
And your wants will now relieve.
For in so doing I am sure
Will not diminish my great store,
But rather cause it to increase,
And hope will win me heaven's bliss.
The fifth commandment I do know,
Which doth command children to show,
Duty to parents; therefore I,
Will honour you until I die.
You sons and daughters far and near,
That do this famous ditty hear,
Tho' your parents do you slight,
Yet honour them both day and night.
And if your fortune may prove so,
That you grow high and they grow low,
And be in want, do you them feed,
God will reward you for that deed.

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